THE ONTARIO READERS

PRIMER

AUTHORIZED BY
THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION

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TORONTO CANADA

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One Flag

One Fleet

One Throne

The Union Jack

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TORONTO:
THE T. EATON Co LIMITED
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PREFACE

THIS PRIMER is simply a reading book. It has been prepared, as far as possible, in accordance with the collective views of the teachers of the Province. Since opinions differ widely as to the best methods of teaching children to read, a new Manual on Primary Reading has been prepared, which indicates fully and clearly how the Primer may be used by the advocates of each of the prevailing methods of teaching. All teachers should read the new Manual carefully before they introduce the Primer to their classes.

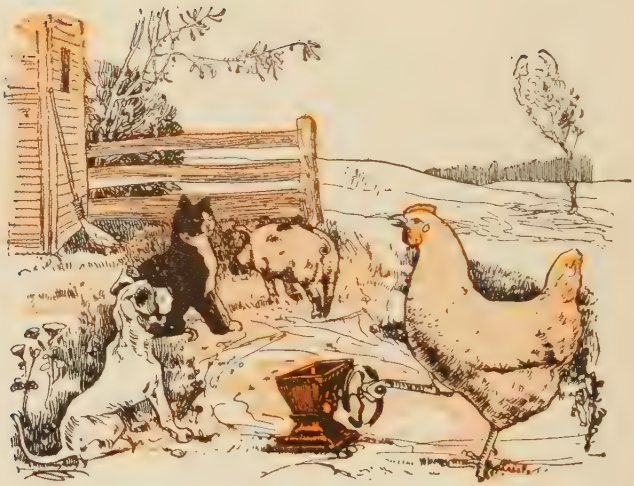
Happy hearts
and happy faces.
Happy play
in grassy places—
That was how
in ancient ages.
Children grew
to kings and sages.

R. L. Stevenson

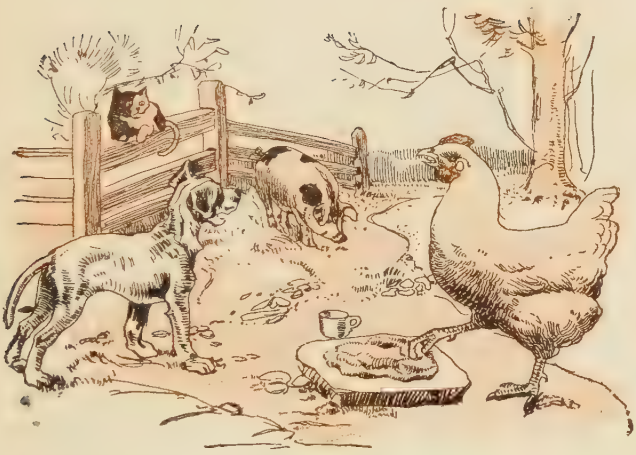
The Little Red Hen
found some wheat.
She called the cat
She called the dog.
She called the pig.

"Who will help me plant
the wheat?"
"Not I," said the cat.
"Not I," said the dog.
"Not I," said the pig.
"Then I will plant
the wheat,"
said the Little Red Hen.
And she did.

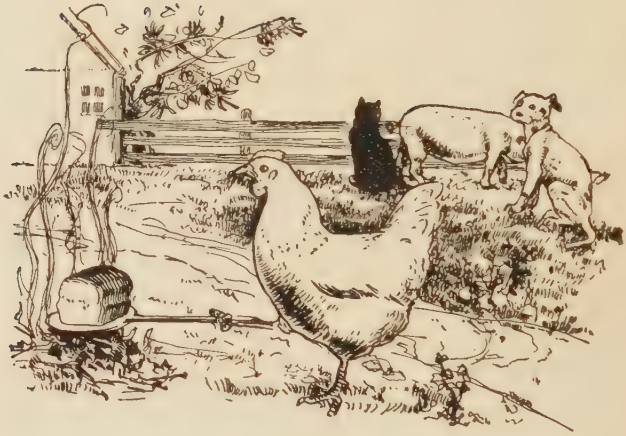
The wheat grew up.
The Little Red Hen said,
"Who will help me cut
the wheat?"
"Not I," said the cat.
"Not I," said the dog.
"Not I," said the pig.
"Then I will cut the wheat,"
said the Little Red Hen.
And she did.



The Little Red Hen said,
"Who will help me grind
the wheat?
"Not I," said the cat.
"Not I," said the dog.
"Not I," said the pig.
"Then I will grind the wheat,"
said the Little Red Hen.
And she did.



The Little Red Hen said,
"Who will help me make
the bread?"
"Not I," said the cat.
"Not I," said the dog.
"Not I," said the pig.
"Then I will make the bread,"
Said the Little Red Hen.
And she did.



The Little Red Hen said,
"Who will help me bake
the bread?"
"Not I," said the cat.
"Not I," said the dog.
"Not I," said the pig.
"Then I will bake the bread,"
Said the Little Red Hen.
And she did.

The Little Red Hen said,
"Who will help me eat
the bread?"
"I will," said the cat.
"I will," said the dog.
"I will," said the pig.

The Little Red Hen said,
"You would not plant
the wheat.
You would not cut
the wheat.
You would not grind
the wheat.
You would not bake
the bread.
You shall not eat
the bread.
My little chicks shall eat
the bread."
And they did.

red dog bake little

red dog bake little

you will some found

you will some found

Who called the cat?

Who called the cat?

Who will help the hen?

Who will help the hen?

Will you get the flour?

Will you get the flour?

Did the chicks eat bread?

Did the chicks eat bread?

I see I can He has

I see I can He has

Do you It is I am

Do you It is I am

I can see the pig.

I can see the pig.

He has some wheat.

He has some wheat.

It is my wheat.

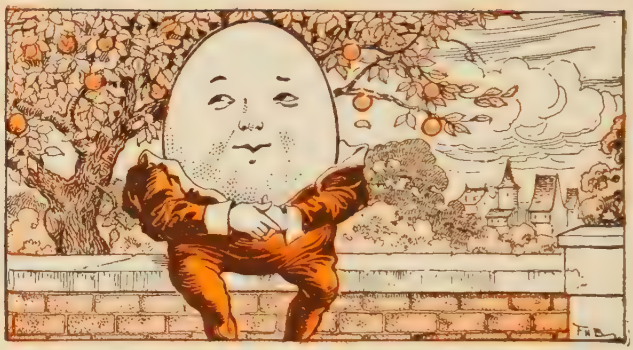
It is my wheat.

Who am I? Do you see?

Who am I? Do you see?

This little pig went to market.
This little pig stayed at home.
This little pig had roast beef.
This little pig had none.
This little pig said,
"Wee, wee,"
All the way home.

Rain, rain, go away,
Come again some other day,
Little Tommy wants to play.
Rain, rain, go away.



HUMPTY DUMPTY

Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
All the King's horses,
And all the King's men,
Couldn't pick Humpty Dumpty
up again.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb
And pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I."

JACK AND JILL

Jack and Jill
Went up the hill
To get a pail of water;
Jack fell down
And broke his crown.

And
Jill
came
tumbling
after.

There were two robins,
In an old tree top.
One was called Pip,
The other called Pop.

Fly away, Pip.
Fly away, Pop.
Come back, Pip.
Come back, Pop.

THE WIND

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I;
But when the leaves hang
trembling,
The wind is passing by.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you;
But when the trees bow down
their heads,
The wind is passing through.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

HUSH A BYE

Hush a bye baby
On the tree top,
When the wind blows,
The cradle will rock.

When the bough breaks,
The cradle will fall,
Down tumbles baby,
Bough, cradle, and all.

Little Boy Blue,
Come blow your horn.
The sheep are in the meadow,
The cows are in the corn.
Where is the little boy
Who looks after the sheep?
He is under the haystack,
Fast asleep.

This is Little Boy Blue.
He does not see the sheep
and the cows.

Where are the sheep?
Where are the cows?
Come, Little Boy Blue,
Wake up and blow your horn.

THE HORN

Once upon a time there was a horn.

It lived in a toy shop.

One day it said, "I will go and play with Little Boy Blue."

It went out of the shop and down the road. It met a drum.

"Good morning," said the drum. "Where are you going?"

"I am going to play with Little Boy Blue. Will you come too?" said the horn.

"Yes, I will," said the drum.

So the horn and the drum went to find Little Boy Blue.

Soon they met a gun. "Where are you going?" said the gun. "To play with Little Boy Blue," said the horn and the drum. "Will you come too?"

"Yes, I will," said the gun.

So the horn and the drum and the gun went to find Little Boy Blue. Boy Blue was under the haystack, fast asleep.

"Who will wake him?" said the horn.

"I will," said the drum.

"I will," said the gun.

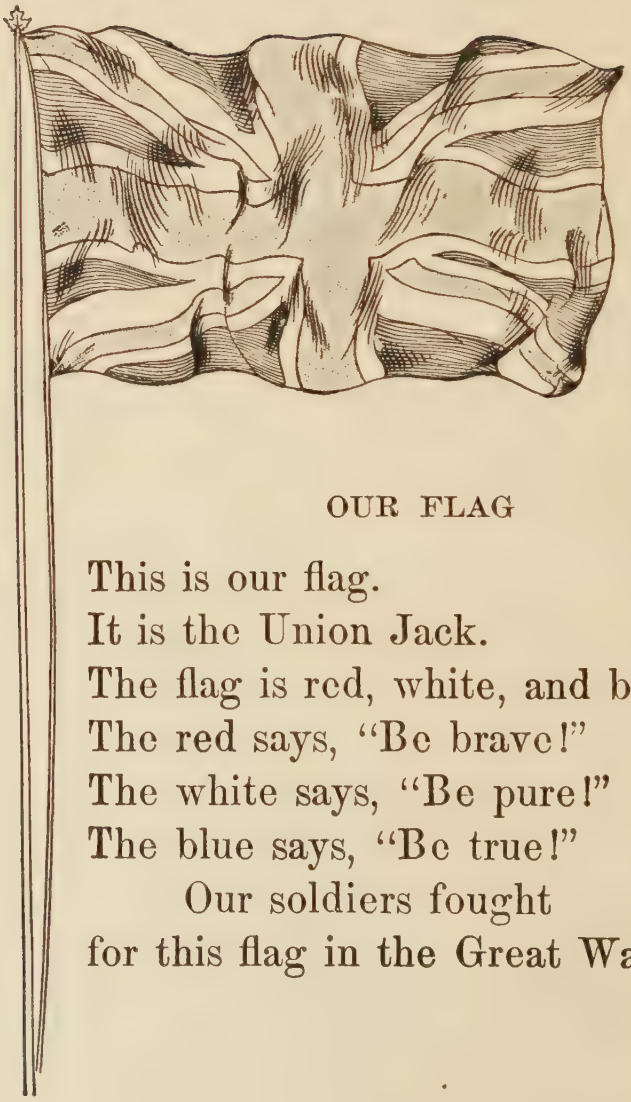
"No, I will," said the horn; and it blew so loudly that up jumped Little Boy Blue.

And the horn and the drum and the gun played with him all day.

LITTLE BO-PEEP

Little Bo-Peep
Has lost her sheep,
And cannot tell
Where to find them.
Leave them alone,
And they will come
home,
And bring their tails
Behind them.

This little girl is Bo-Peep.
Do you see her sheep?
Where are the sheep?
The sheep are lost.
Little Bo-Peep cannot
find them.
What will little Bo-Peep do?



OUR FLAG

This is our flag.
It is the Union Jack.
The flag is red, white, and blue.
The red says, "Be brave!"
The white says, "Be pure!"
The blue says, "Be true!"
Our soldiers fought
for this flag in the Great War.

FIVE LITTLE BIRDS

We are little birds.
One, two, three, four, five.
We are five little birds.
Five little birds can fly.
Five little birds can sing.
One little bird sings,
"How do you do?"
And one little bird sings,
"I like you."

And one little bird sings,
"A crust, if you please."
And one little bird sings,
"I like cheese."
And one little bird sings,
"South we must fly."
So one, two, three, four, five
Little birds sang,
"Good-bye, good-bye."

One, two, three, four little ducks,
and two little chickens.

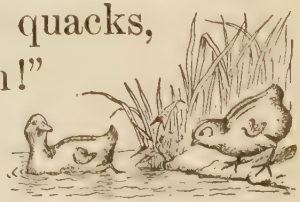
One little chicken peeps,
"How do you do?"

And one little duck quacks,
"I'll chase you!"

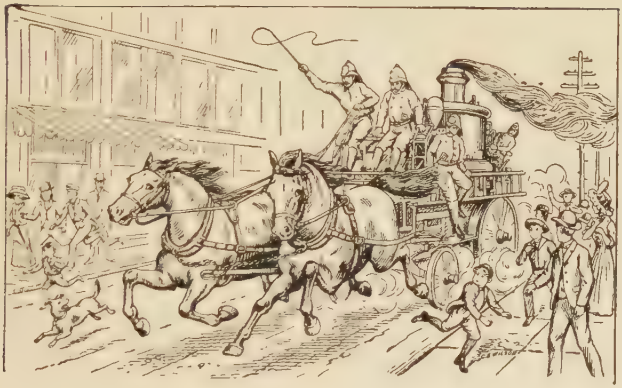
Another little duck quacks,
"Hear me talk!"

Another little duck quacks,
"See me walk!"

Another little duck quacks,
"Watch me swim!"



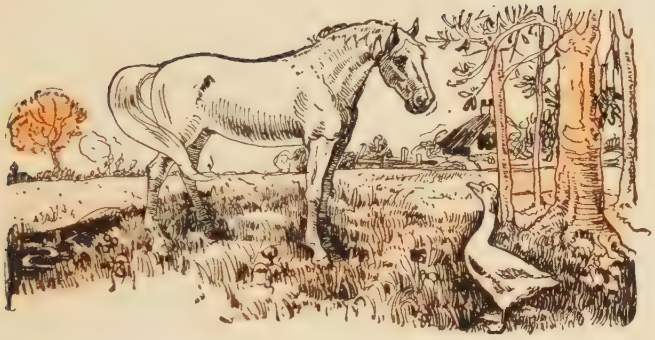
And one little chicken peeps,
"Don't go in!"



Sée the people running!
Why are they running?
They are shouting, too.
What are they shouting?
Oh, hear the bells ringing!
What is the matter?
Why, don't you know? It is a fire!
Look! There it is, down there!
Here comes the fire engine.
How fast the horses go!
Let us go, too.

WHO AM I?

You may hear me call,
but no one has ever seen me.
I fly kites for boys.
I play with the leaves.
I scatter the seeds of plants.
I rock the bird in her nest.
I move clouds across the sky.
I toss ships on the sea.
I am now hot, now cold.
I am now strong, now weak.
Who am I?



THE HORSE AND THE GOOSE

This is a horse and this is a goose.
The horse looks at the goose.
The goose looks at the horse.
The goose speaks to the horse.
This is what she says:

"I am better than you.
I can walk on the ground like you.
I can fly in the air like a bird.
I can swim in the water like a fish.
I am as good as a horse.
I am as good as a bird.
I am as good as a fish."

This is what the horse says
to the goose:
"It is true!---
You can walk on the ground.
You can fly in the air.
You can swim in the water.
But---
You cannot walk as well as a horse.
You cannot fly as well as a bird.
You cannot swim as well as a fish.
I cannot fly in the air.
I cannot swim in the water.
But---
I can walk well upon the ground.
And I would rather do one thing well than be a goose in more ways than one!"

Translated from First Lessons in French—Baguley
By special permission of
Edward Arnold

THE LITTLE PLANT

In the heart of a seed,
Buried deep, so deep,
A dear little plant
Lay fast asleep.

"Wake!" said the sunshine,
"And creep to the light."
"Wake!" said the voice
Of the raindrops bright.

The little plant heard,
And it rose to see
What the wonderful world
Outside might be.

K. L. Brown

MY LITTLE GARDEN

I have a little garden,
And every summer day
I dig it well, and rake it well,
And pull the weeds away.

I have a little garden,
And every summer night
I water all the pretty flowers,
And watch them with delight.

. . . .

In my little garden
I have a little walk;
I take my sisters by the hand,
And there we go and talk.

Busy bees come humming by,
To gather honey sweet;
And singing birds look in to see
What they can get to eat.

. . . .

AGNES VEITCH

"This stocking is full," said
Santa Claus—
"As full as it can be."
A mouse sat licking his little paws,
Not far from the Christmas tree.

He saw and heard old
Santa Claus,
Then he ran across the floor

And said, "Just let me try,
because
I'm sure I can put in more."

Old Santa Claus laughed and
shook his head,

"You cannot do it, I know;"
But mousie gnawed and gnawed
and gnawed,
And put a hole in the toe.

THE CHILD AND THE STAR

Bright little star,
Shining afar,
Tell me, I pray,
What means Christmas Day?

Christmas, my child,
Is a song from above,
The sweet, happy song
Of God's great love.

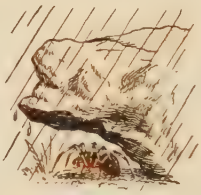
THE UMBRELLA

The rain is raining all around,
It falls on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrellas here,
And on the ships at sea.

It is raining all around.
Who has an umbrella?

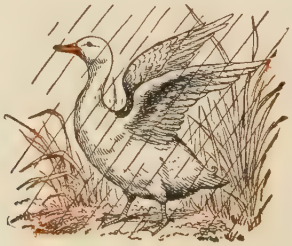
"I have," said the lark;
And he flew under a leaf.

"I have," said the spider;
And he crept under a stone.



"I have," said the bee;
And he went into a flower bell.

"I don't want one," said the goose;
And she ran out into the rain.



OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there,
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat;
But when she came back,
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat;
But when she came back,
He was riding a goat.

The dame made a curtsy,
The dog made a bow;
The dame said, "Your servant,"
The dog said, "Bow-wow."

WISHES

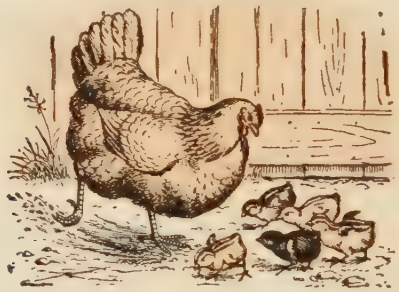
Said the first little chicken,
With a sad little sigh,
"I wish I could find
A little fat fly."

Said the next little chicken,
With an odd little shrug,
"I wish I could find
A fat little bug."

Said the third little chicken,
With a sharp little squeak,
"I wish I could feel
Some corn in my beak."

Said the fourth little chicken,
With a small sigh of grief,
"I wish I could find
A fat worm on a leaf."

"See here," said the mother,
From the green garden patch,
"If you want things to eat,
Just come here and scratch."



The cow has a horn, and the fish
has a gill;

The horse has a hoof, and the duck
has a bill;

The cat has a paw, and the dog
has a tail;

And the bird has a wing that on high
it may sail.

THE HOUSE

There once was a mouse
Who lived in a shoe,
And a snug little house
He made of it, too;
He had a front door
To take in the cheese,
And a hole in the toe
To slip out, if you please.

There are roses
that grow on a vine,
There are roses
that grow on a tree,
But my little Rose
grows on ten little toes,
And she is the rose for me.

Well, old doggie. I have come
to talk to you.
Shake hands. Give me your paw.
Say, "How do you do?"
Why can't you talk to me?
When I tell you to talk,
you only bark.
But you are a good doggie.
I like your white nose.
My kitty has a white nose, too.
But why is your nose so cold?
This is my little kitty.
Why can't you talk to us?

THE LITTLE RAINDROPS

Oh! Where do you come from,
You little drops of rain,
Pitter, patter, pitter, patter,
Down the window-pane?

Tell me, little raindrops,
Is that the way you play,
Pitter, patter, pitter, patter,
All the rainy day?

The little raindrops cannot speak,
But "pitter, patter, pat,"
Means, "we can play on this side,
Why can't you play on that?"

MRS. HAWKSHAW

THE RAIN

It is raining! It is raining!
Who likes the rain?
The little duck laughs and says,
"I--I love the rain!"

The little girl says,
"I do not like the rain.
The rain spoils my dress."
See the little girl
under her umbrella.
She runs as fast as she can
to the house.

"I like the rain!"
  says the little boy.
He is running to school.
He has not an umbrella,
  but he has a big coat.
He likes water. He likes rain.
He is like the little duck,
  who laughs and says,
"I love the rain!"

Translated from FIRST LESSONS IN FRENCH—BAGULEY
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THE CLEVER DOG

One day a little dog was playing on the road, when a sharp nail ran into his paw.

His master was a doctor's son, and he took the dog to his father.

The doctor drew the nail out, washed the paw, and tied it up.

The next day the little dog was playing with a big one.

A sharp stick ran into the paw of the big dog, and hurt him so that he began to howl.

The little dog coaxed the big one to go with him at once to the doctor who had helped him the day before.

The good doctor was able to help the big dog, too.

Was he not a clever little dog?

THE WISE FOX

One day a lion sat at the door of his cave. He saw a dog passing by.

"Come in, my friend, and visit me for a while," he said.

The dog was proud to have the lion speak to him.

He went in, but never came out. Soon after, a bear passed that way. The lion said to him, "Come in and make me a little visit, Mr. Bear."

The bear went in, but never came out.

A wolf was walking by, and the lion asked him in for a visit.

The wolf said, "Thank you, Sir Lion, I shall be pleased to visit you."

But he never came out. Many beasts went into the cave, but none ever came out.

One day a fox went to see the lion. "Are you at home, old lion?" he said. "Come in, come in," said the lion.

The fox looked down on the ground, and saw some tracks on the sand.

"Come in, come in," called the lion. "Why do you not come in? I cannot go out to see you. Do walk in!"

"No, thank you," said the fox. "I think I will not come in to-day. I see some tracks on the sand. They all go into the cave. I see no tracks coming out. I think I will walk away. Good-day, old lion!"

JACK AND TOM

(A Dialogue)

When did you get the dog, Jack?
I got him to-day, Tom.
To-day is my birthday.
Who gave you the dog?
Father gave him to me.
How old are you, Jack?
I am seven, Tom.
Do you go to school?
Oh, yes! I go to school.
Do you like school?
Yes, I like to go to school.
Can you read, Jack?
I can read a little, Tom.

What class are you in?
I am in the Primer.
Is that your Primer in your bag?
Yes, this is my book.
Look! I can read
Little Jack Horner,
Little Boy Blue, and
Little Bo-Peep.

THE LITTLE ROSEBUSH

Good-morning, little rosebush,
I pray thee, tell me true,
To be as sweet as a sweet red rose
What must a body do?

To be as sweet as a sweet red rose,
A little girl like you
Just grows, and grows, and grows,
and grows,
And that's what she must do.

JOEL STACY

THE TEA-PARTY

Let us have a tea-party, Polly!
Yes, that will be lovely;
Whom shall we ask, Molly?
All your dolls, and all my dolls,
and the little girl next door.
Very well, and what shall we have
to drink?
I like tea the best, and so do
the dollies, Polly.
But I like coffee the best;
do let us have coffee, Molly.
No, I don't like coffee so much
as tea.

But I like it ever so much better; can't we have coffee this time?
All right! We will have coffee this time, if you like.
That will be lovely! Shall I go and ask the little girl next door?
Yes, please do; and I will set the table.
So all the dolls, and Molly and Polly had a lovely tea-party together.

LULLABY

Sleep, my baby, sleep and rest
In your cosy little nest;
Into dreamland gently go,
While I sing so sweet and low,
Lullaby, lullaby,
Lullaby, my baby.

THE THREE BEARS

One day little Goldie-Locks went to the woods to pick flowers. She walked on and on.

At last she saw a little house. It was the home of three bears. Father Bear was a great big bear. Mother Bear was a middle-sized one. Baby Bear was a little wee bear.

The bears had gone for a walk. Goldie-Locks saw the door was open, so she walked in to the kitchen.

On the table she saw three bowls

of soup—a big bowl, a middle-sized bowl, and a little wee bowl.

Goldie-Locks tasted the soup in the big bowl. But it was too hot.

She tasted the soup in the middle-sized bowl. But it was too cool.

The soup in the little wee bowl was just right, and she took it all.

Goldie-Locks saw three chairs.
The first was a great big chair.
The second was a middle-sized one.
The third was a little wee chair.

Goldie-Locks sat in the great

big chair. But it was too high.

She sat in the middle-sized chair. But it was too wide.

So she sat in the little wee chair. But the little wee chair broke, and down she fell.

She jumped up and ran upstairs. There she found three beds— a big bed, a middle-sized bed, and a little wee bed.

She lay down on the big bed. But it was too hard.

She lay down on the middle-sized bed. But it was too soft.

So she tried the little wee bed. It was just right, and she soon fell fast asleep.

Father Bear, Mother Bear, and Baby Bear came home very hungry. They went at once to get their soup.

Father Bear growled, "Some one has been tasting my soup!"

Mother Bear cried out, "Some one has been tasting my soup!"

Then Baby Bear said, in his little wee voice, "Some one has been tasting my soup, and it is all gone!"

Then the three bears wanted to sit down and rest.

Father Bear growled, "Some one has been sitting in my chair!"

Mother Bear cried out, "Some one has been sitting in my chair!"

Baby Bear said, "Some one has been sitting in my chair, and has broken it!"

The three bears were very angry. Then they went upstairs to bed.

"Some one has been lying on

my bed!" growled Father Bear.

"Some one has been lying on my bed!" cried out Mother Bear.

"Some one is lying in my bed now, and she is fast asleep!" called out Baby Bear.

Goldie-Locks woke up, and saw the three bears.

They gave her a great fright.

She jumped out of the window, and ran home as fast as she could.

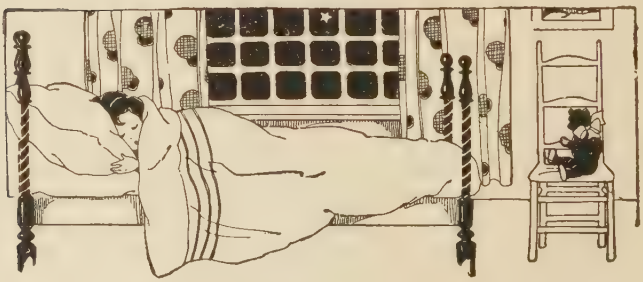
LITTLE STAR

Good-night, little star!
I must go to my bed,
And leave you to shine,
While I lay down my head.

Oh, soundly I'll sleep,
Till the sweet morning light;
Then you will be fading,
But I shall be bright.

Yes, while I'm asleep,
You will play in the sky;
And when I awake,
You will close your bright eye.

—Author unknown



THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

Mother Pig had three little pigs. She had not food for them all to eat.

She said to the first little pig, "You must go away, and make a house of your own."

So the first little pig left home. He met a man with some straw.

"Good-morning, Mr. Man," said the little pig. "Please give me that straw to make me a house."

So the man gave him the straw. Then the little pig made a house.

The next day Mr. Wolf came along.

He rapped at the door, and said, "Little Pig, Little Pig, let me in, let me in!"

"No, no, my good sir, you shall never come in!"

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in!"

So he huffed and he puffed, and he blew the house in. Then he ate up the poor little pig.

The second little pig left home. He met a man with a bundle of sticks.

"Please Mr. Man, give me those sticks to make me a house."

So the man gave him the sticks. Then the little pig made a house. The next day Mr. Wolf came along.

He rapped at the door, and said,

"Little Pig, Little Pig, let me in, let me in!"

"No, no, my good sir, you shall never come in!"

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in!"

So he huffed and he puffed, and he blew the house in. Then he ate up the poor little pig.

The third little pig left home. He met a man with some bricks. "Good-morning, Mr. Man. Please give me those bricks to make me a house."

So the man gave him the bricks. Then the little pig made a house. The next day Mr. Wolf came along.

He rapped at the door, and said, "Little Pig, Little Pig, let me in, let me in!"

"No, no, my good sir, you shall never come in!"

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in!"

So he huffed and he puffed, and he puffed and he huffed. But he could not blow the house in. The bricks were too strong.

Then Mr. Wolf said, "I will jump up on the roof. I will jump down the chimney, and eat you up!"

Then the little pig took a big kettle. He hung it over the hot fire. He filled it full of boiling water.

Then Mr. Wolf jumped into the chimney. He fell down, down, down, plump into the kettle of hot water!

That was the end of Mr. Wolf.

—English Nursery Tale

ONE THING AT A TIME

Work while you work,
  Play while you play,
That is the way
  To be happy and gay.

Whatever you do,
  Do with your might.
Things done by halves
  Are never done right.

One thing at a time,
  And that done well,
Is the best of all rules,
  As many can tell.

If you try and try and try,
And do not pout or cry,
You will find by and by
It is best to try and try.

THE CAT AND THE BIRD

"Good-morning, little Bird," said Pussy.

"Good-morning, Pussy," said the little Bird.

"Will you fly down to me, little Bird?" said Pussy.

"Why should I fly down to you?" said the little Bird.

"I like a little Bird for my breakfast," said Pussy.

"A little Bird does not like to be a breakfast for a Pussy," said the Bird, and away he flew.

THE DUCKS AND THE FROGS

The ducks were out on the river diving for food. Some frogs saw them.

"What funny things ducks are!" said one frog. "Yes, they have only two legs," said another frog.

"Good-day, Mrs. Duck," said another. "Is your home in the water?"

"No, indeed!" said Mrs. Duck. "Our home is at the farm. We have a house there. Our Mistress made it for us."

"Why did she make you a house?" said the frog. "She never made one for us."

"Why, we lay eggs for her," said Mrs. Duck.

"Well, we lay eggs, too," said the frog.

"You lay your eggs in the water," said Mrs. Duck, "but we lay ours in our house. Men like to eat our eggs, but they do not care for yours."

"What funny things men are!" said the frog, as the duck swam away.

"How lucky for us that they are!" said another frog, as he dived from the bank.

THE DOG IN THE MANGER

One day in summer a big dog went into a stable.

He saw a manger full of soft hay. He crept into it and fell asleep.

An ox who had been working hard came into the stable. He was tired and hungry. He went to the manger to eat, but the dog growled at him.

"Do you want to eat the hay?" asked the ox.

"No," growled the dog. "I can't eat hay."

"Then let me eat it," said the ox.

"I will not," said the dog.

"What a mean dog you are!" said the ox. "You can't eat it, and I can; yet you will not let me eat it."

WHITE SHEEP

White sheep, white sheep,
On a blue hill,
When the wind stops,
You all stand still.
When the wind blows,
You walk away slow.
White sheep, white sheep,
Where do you go?

THE STORY OF HENNY PENNY

Henny Penny was walking in a garden. A cherry fell on her head with a thud.

"The sky is falling," said Henny Penny. "I must run and tell the King."

As she ran, she met a Rooster, who said, "Where are you going, Henny Penny?"

And she cried, "Oh, Rooster Pooster! the sky is falling, and I am going to tell the King."

"I will go, too," said Rooster Pooster.

So they ran and ran till they met a Turkey. "Oh, Turkey Lurkey!"

said they, "the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the King."

"I will go with you," said Turkey Lurkey.

So they ran and ran till they met a Fox.

"Oh, Fox Lox!" said they, "the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the King."

And the Fox said, "Come with me, Henny Penny, Rooster Pooster, and Turkey Lurkey. I will show you the way to the King's house."

But they said, "Oh, no, Fox Lox! we know you."

So they ran and ran, but they never found the King's house.

And the King never knew the sky was falling.

THE GREEDY MAN

There was once a man who had a goose. She laid an egg every day. One day she laid a golden egg.

The man went to town and sold the egg. Next day the goose laid another golden egg.

"Wife," said the man, "we shall not be poor any more."

Every day he found a golden egg and sold it. Soon he was not content with this.

"Wife," said he, "I shall kill this goose and get all the eggs at once."

So he killed her, but he found no golden eggs!

ROBIN REDBREAST

It was early in the morning, and Robin sat on the tree top.

"Cheer-up, cheer-up! cheer-up, cheer-up!" he sang.

The old cat heard him, and crept under the tree. She called softly,

"Robin, Robin Redbreast,
Singing on the bough,
Come and get your breakfast,
I will feed you now."

"Tut tut! Tut tut!" said Robin.

"No, no, Mrs. Puss. I saw you catch a mouse yesterday, but you shall not catch me."

Then the cat ran away to the barn to look for another breakfast.

Just then a little girl came out to hear Robin singing his song. She threw bread crumbs under the tree and said,

"Robin, Robin Redbreast,
Singing on the bough,
Come and get your breakfast,
I will feed you now."

"Cheer-up, cheer-up! cheer-up, cheer-up!" sang Robin. This was his way of saying, "Thank you! Thank you!"

He flew down and had all the breakfast he could eat.

THE GINGERBREAD BOY

Once there was a little old man, and a little old woman. They lived in a little old house.

The old woman made gingerbread cakes.

One day she made a cake in the shape of a boy. She put it into the oven to bake.

When she opened the oven door, out jumped the Gingerbread Boy, and away he ran.

The little old man ran after him, but he could not catch him.

The Gingerbread Boy met a big man on the road. He said, "I

have run away from the little old woman. I can run away from you, too, so I can."

The big man ran after him, but he could not catch him.

The Gingerbread Boy met a cow. He said, "I have run away from a little old woman and a big man. I can run away from you, too. Yes, I can."

The cow ran after him, but she could not catch him.

Soon the Gingerbread Boy met a dog. He said, "I have run away from a little old woman, a big man, and a cow. I can run away from you, too. Yes, I can."

Then the dog ran after him. The dog ran very fast and caught

the Gingerbread Boy. He began to eat him.

The Gingerbread Boy said,

"Oh, dear! my legs are gone!
Oh, dear! my arms are gone!
Oh, dear! my body is gone!
Oh, dear! I am all gone!"

And he never spoke again.

East, west, home is best.

THE BEE

Buzz! Buzz! This is the song of
the bee;
His legs are of yellow, a jolly good
fellow,
And yet a great worker is he.

In days that are sunny
He's making his honey,
In days that are cloudy
He's making his wax.

Bees don't care
about the snow;
I can tell you why
that's so;
Once I caught
a little bee,
Who was much too warm
for me.

THE RATS AND THE EGG

One day two rats were eating an egg in a field. They saw a fox coming toward them.

"The fox will eat our egg," said one rat.

"The fox will eat us, too, if we stay here," said the other rat.

"Now, what shall we do?" said both rats.

One rat lay down on his back. Then he let the other rat place the

egg between his feet, take hold of his tail, and draw him to the barn as fast as he could go.

The fox was afraid to come to the barn, and the rats had a good story to tell to their friends.

THE TOWN MUSICIANS

The donkey was old, and his master was about to sell him.

"I shall not be sold," said the donkey. "I will run away to town, and join the band."

He met a dog upon the road. "Come with me to town, and join the band," said he. "You can beat the drum."

"All right," said the dog.

They met an old cat by the way. "Come with us and help to make music," said they. "We have heard you sing."

"All right," said the cat.

Farther on, they met a rooster. "Come along and join our band," said they.

"All right," said the rooster.

At night they came to a large house in the woods. The donkey looked in through the high window. He saw robbers eating supper.

"I am so hungry," said the cat.

"Let us drive the robbers away," said the rooster.

"How shall we do it?" said the donkey.

"Let us frighten them," said the dog.

The donkey put his feet upon the sill of the window. The dog climbed upon his back. The cat climbed upon the dog's back. The rooster flew up and stood upon the cat's head. All looked in through the window.

Then they sang together with all their might. The donkey brayed, the dog barked, the cat mewed, and the rooster crowed. It was a dreadful noise.

It scared the robbers, who ran away as fast as they could.

The four friends sat down to

supper and ate what the robbers had left. Then they put out the lights and waited.

An hour later one robber came back. He tried to light a candle at the coals in the fireplace. The coals were the cat's eyes. She scratched him, the dog bit him, the donkey kicked him, and the rooster crowed at him.

He ran away at the top of his speed. He told the robbers that he was never so scared in his life. This made them all afraid, and they never came back.

So the four friends made a home for themselves in that house, and never went to town.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

One day a lion lay asleep in the woods. A mouse ran over his nose.

The lion was about to eat him, but the mouse begged hard for his life.

"If you will let me go," he said, "I shall never forget you. Some day I may be able to help you."

The lion smiled. "Run away, little mouse," said he. "I shall not hurt you."

Some days later hunters put a net in the lion's path. He fell into the net, and could not free himself.

The mouse heard him roar, and ran to him. "I will help you," said the mouse, and he began to gnaw the ropes.

It was hard work and slow, but at last the ropes fell apart, and the lion was free.

"How can I repay you for what you have done?" said the lion.

"You spared my life one day," said the mouse. "I am glad that I have been able to save yours."

Sing a song of winter;
Sing a song of spring;
In summer when the birds are here
No need a song to sing.

Once I saw a yellow bird on the grass.
I threw a bit of bread to him.
He looked glad and hopped near.
He took the bread in his beak.
Then he flew away to an apple tree.
He still had the bread in his beak.
He flew up to the top of the tree where there was a little nest.
Five little birds were in the nest.
He filled their mouths with the bread.
He flew away to another apple tree.
There he sang a loud, sweet song for me.

THE LITTLE MAN

Once there was a little boy.
He was only four years old.
He thought he was now very big.
One day he said,
"I am not little any more.
I am almost as big as my father.
See, I can wear my father's hat!"
Then he put on his father's hat.
Then he took up his father's cane.
He went down the street for a walk.

The hat came down over his ears
and eyes.
The cane was higher than his head.
As he walked on, he felt very happy.
He was having a good time.
All the people laughed at him.
One man called out,
"Well, Hat, where is the boy?"
Another man called out,
"Well, Cane, where are you going
with the boy?"

THE DANDELION

"O dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all day?"

"I just wait here in the long
green grass
Till the children come to play."

"O dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all night?"

"I wait and wait till the cool dew
falls
And my hair is long and white."

"What do you do when your hair
grows white
And the children come to play?"

"They take me up in their dimpled
hands
And blow my hair away."

HANS

Have you ever seen a bird like this? It is a stork. There are many of them in Holland where little Hans lives.

One built its nest on the roof of Hans' home. It was a great pet, and he fed it every day.

When cold weather comes, birds fly away to where it is warm in winter. Hans knew his pet would make its winter home in the warm south. He hoped some boy there would be kind to it.

So he wrote a note and tied it to the bird's neck. The note said: "Please take care of my stork. Send it back to me next spring."

Winter came, and the stork flew south. When the warm days came again, Hans watched for his bird friend. At last he saw it coming, and it had a letter on its neck.

Hans fed his pet, and then read the letter. It said: "We cared for your stork, and now we send it back. The little children in our school want books. Can you help them?"

Hans and his father made up a box of books and sent them to the little people in the winter home of the stork.

A GIANT

Tom sat before the grate, reading. "I wish I could see a giant like those in this book," said he.

"I am one," said a voice in the grate. "Sometimes I am no bigger than the head of a match. Sometimes I am so big that it takes many men to fight me.

When men control me, I help them. I can roast beef, boil eggs, and bake bread. With my help men can make bricks and glass and knives.

When men let me go free, I often destroy houses and barns and crops, and even big forests.

Water is the only thing I am afraid of. Now, who am I?"

This little Indian boy lived in a wigwam with his grandmother, Nokomis. Have you ever seen a wigwam? Let me tell you where this wigwam was—

By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

Old Nokomis made him a little cradle. In it she put a bed of moss and rushes. When he cried, she used to say, "Hush! the bear will get thee!"

The boy learned the names of the birds. He learned how they built their nests in summer. He found where they hid themselves in winter. He learned how to talk with them. He called them his chickens.

He learned—

Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid.

He talked with them and called them his brothers. He learned their names and all their secrets.

When he grew older, he was given a bow and arrows. He went into the woods, but he did not shoot the birds, his chickens. He did not shoot the squirrels or the rabbits, his brothers.

He hid in the bushes till a red deer came. Then he shot an arrow, and the deer fell dead. He carried it home to his grandmother. She made a feast, and everybody came and praised the boy.

If you wish to be happy
all the day,
Make others happy,—
that's the way.

EVENING HYMN

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep;
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

Through the lonely darkness
May the angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my head.

When the morn awakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure, and fresh, and sinless,
In God's holy eyes.

A	a	N	n		
B	b	O	o		
C	c	P	p		
D	d	Q	q		
E	e	R	r		
F	f	S	s		
G	g	T	t		
H	h	U	u		
I	i	V	v		
J	j	W	w		
K	k	X	x		
L	l	Y	y		
M	m	Z	z		

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